God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.
Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.
Enter Lord Maior.
Lo. Ma. God blesse your Grace, with health and happy (daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lord, and thanke you all,
I thought my mother, and my brother *Yorke*,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie what a slug is *Hastings* that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L. Hast.*
Buc. And in good time here comes the sweating Lord,
Prin. Welcome my Lord; what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother *Yorke*
Hath taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord *Cardinall*, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene to send the Duke of *Yorke*
Vnto his Princely brother presently?
If shee deny, Lord *Hastings* goe with them,
And from her iealous armes, plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo. of *Buckingham*, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde intreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of so great a sinne,
Buc. You are too senceleese obstinate my Lord,
Too ceremonius and traditionall:
Weigh it but with the greatnesse of his age,
You breake not Sanctuary in seazing him:
The benefit whereof is alwayes granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place,
This Prince hath neyther claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

Then take him from thence th
You breake no priuiledge nor
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuary
But Sanctuary children neuer
Car. My Lord, you shall oue
Come one Lord *Hastings*, will
Hast. I goe my Lord.
Prin. Good Lords make all
Say Vncle *Gloceester*, if our brot
Where shall we soiourne till
Glo. Where it thinkst best
If I may counsell you some
Your highnesse shall repose y
Then were you please as shall
For your best health and recre
Prin. I doe not like the Tow
Did *Iullius Cæser* build that p
Buc. He did my gracious L
Which since succeeding ages
Prin. Is it vpon record or el
Successiuely from age to age,
Buc. Vpon record my graci
Prin. But say my Lord it we
Me thinkes the truth should
As t'were retaild to all posteri
Euen to the generall ending d
Glo. So wise, so young, th
Prin. What say you Vncle
Glo. I say without Caract
That like the formall vice, ini
I moralize two meanings in o
Prin. That *Iulius Cæser* wa
With what his valour did inri
His wit set downe to make h
Death makes no conquest of
For now he liues in fame th
Ile tell you what, my Couse
Buc. What my gracious L
Prin. And if I liue vntill I

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G